

The Walk

The mask sits in flux against the backdrop of space and time.
The green emerald stone stands out in the forefront of my imagination
and speaks to me through sound waves of light and effervescence.
There are no hands for me to reach out to the heavens.
For I have already arrived here, the place that I now call home.

When did it happen? And how did I arrive here?
It really ought not to matter.
'Cause this feeling here is superior
to the greatest rest that I can ever attain and store down on earth.
Yeah, something pretty spectacular has transformed and replaced the blood,
which gave me life to a star dust which now holds me in suspense,
glistening in ebullience with a greater understanding of the things to come.